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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

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SOME SHAKESPEAREAN MERCHANTS ON A TURKISH RIALTO. (See Bulletin No. 5.)

HOW TO OBTAIN THE BULLETIN

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Hamburg: Germany's National Gate

THOUGH Hamburg, the fourth commercial city of the world before the World War, reported more shipping in the first five months of 1923 than it did in the same period of 1913, to the average American woman's mind the name of the city suggests just one thing—the trimming on her grandmother's stiff cambric petticoats.

Hamburg has always been a jealous rival of New York, London, and Liverpool, the three other great commercial cities at whose ports more vessels dock than visit the German harbor. During 1921 nearly 20,000 ships representing a tonnage of 20,000,000 and flying flags from over the earth, entered the Hamburg harbor as against a net tonnage of 32,000,000 for New York harbor during the same period. Hamburg and Bremen have the honor of being the chief gates of intercourse between Germany and the United Kingdom and the United States.

Hamburg an Interior Port

Unlike most of the other great commercial cities of the world, Hamburg does not lie within a stone's throw of the ocean. About ninety miles from its mouth in the North Sea, where a tributary of the Elbe, the Alster, has been dammed to form two lakes, Hamburg has been built, its earliest beginnings having been a castle of Charlemagne which stood on the spot in 811. Its harbor is broad and deep enough for the largest vessels. The docks are among the finest in the world, and will accommodate 450 ships at one time.

Most of the German railroads ultimately lead to the city and numerous canals bring their traffic to its portals. Hamburg has a very interesting, if dirty, old district along these canals where the poor of the city live in dark houses and damp cellars. When the tide is out these canals become empty and the women and children of the district immediately run out and wade about in their muddy bottoms to look for articles which may have been dropped overboard by the boats. Three cannon shots are sounded when the tide begins to turn to tell the scavengers that soon the waters will come rushing into the canals.

Old Customs and Costumes Cling

The State and Free City of Hamburg, comprising 168 square miles, is a republic, its constitution bearing the date of January 7, 1921. In 1920, its population of 1,091,074, more than a million of whom live in the city proper, made it the most densely populated of all the German States. Its average of more than 6,000 persons to a square mile, gave it more than twice the density of the State of Bremen, the next in order, and nearly 6 times the density of Lubeck, the third in order. The public debt of the city at the end of 1920 was nearly three billion marks, spent chiefly for public works.

Hamburg's streets and market places are typical of those of many German towns. In the markets women may be seen wearing yokes on their shoulders from which hang big wooden buckets filled with milk. A few of them still cling to their wooden shoes and bright colored costumes. And some of them still hitch themselves to their vegetable and milk carts and draw the loads through the city streets.

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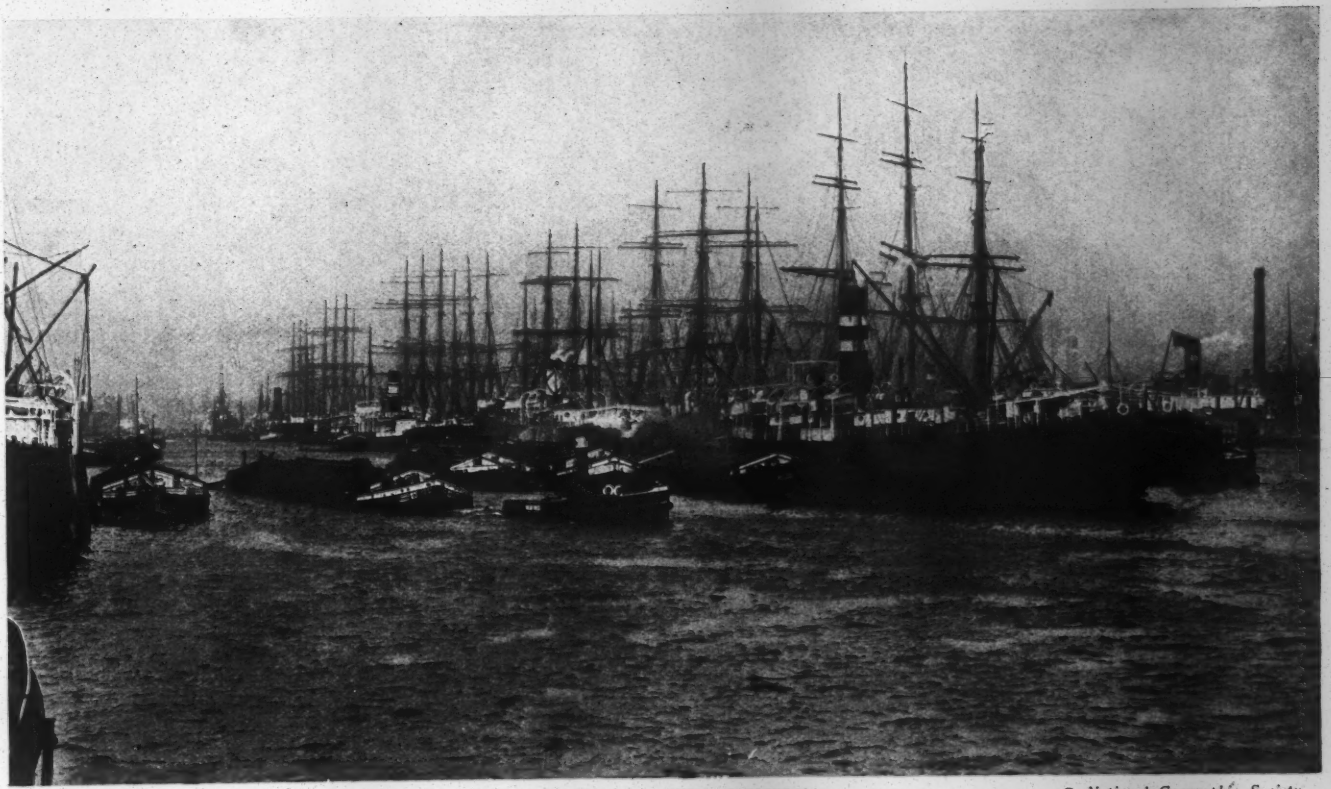

A FOREST OF MASTS: HAMBURG

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The quays stretching along both banks of the Norder-Elbe for five miles, from Altona to Elbe bridge, accommodate 450 sea-going ships, 1,400 river steamboats, and 5 000 barges and small craft. There is a large free harbor district, where freight may be handled without encountering customs duties if it is destined for other than German points. Most visitors to Hamburg are rushing for a steamer and do not tarry long enough to see the beautiful homes, glorious gardens, and lakes thronged with swans, which are affectionately remembered by all who linger. (See Bulletin No. 1.)

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America's Most Famous Dome

AMERICA'S most famous dome will be placed in a new $3,000,000 setting if the recommendations made to the new Congress by the Capitol architect receive approval. One of the most noticeable features of the Capitol building, as the visitor views it today, is the marked difference in the aspect of the old central portion of the national shrine and the two wings which house the Senate and the House of Representatives respectively. The wings are built of marble but the center supporting the dome is faced with the original sandstone, which must be coated with waterproof paint regularly to preserve the stone.

The Capitol architect recommends that the central portion which supports the dome be refaced in marble to correspond with the wings. In case this work is undertaken it is probable that the east side of the central portion will be extended twelve feet, fulfilling plans long projected. Such an improvement would be literally a "setting" for the Capitol dome which, by virtue of electricity, is truly a jewel in the night. Huge batteries of searchlights nightly illumine its fluted beauty to frosty whiteness. Framed against the blue-black of the greatest dome it dominates the glories of Washington's lights at night since it can be seen from nearly any point in the city.

The story of the Capitol's dome is related by Gilbert Grosvenor in "The Capital of Our Country," a recent publication of The National Geographic Society, as follows:

When the Capitol Was a Bakery

"During the darkest hours of the Civil War, while the Capitol basement did service as a military bakery, Lincoln insisted that there be no suspension of the building of its dome.

"District volunteers, enrolled to defend their homes and the Capital, heard reports of plots to burn the flour mills in Georgetown. They instantly pressed into service every vehicle to be found on the streets or in stables, loaded them with flour, and all day there proceeded along Pennsylvania Avenue the most curious procession which ever traversed that street of countless parades. The flour was stored safely in the Capitol's vast cellars and Washington's home baking habits were revolutionized. Tradition has it that French and Vienna loaves gained their American vogue from the U. S. Capitol Bakery.

"While bakers kneaded war loaves below, hammers were busy every working day on the giant dome above.

Two Mammoth Metal Shells

"Today the veriest layman pauses, as he climbs the steps, one for every day in the year, to its lofty platform, to admire the engineering skill which bolted, girded, clamped, and trussed the two mammoth metal shells that form the majestic inverted bowl. Aloft the mechanics are forgotten in the beauty of the panorama of the city, the river, and the Virginia hills beyond.

"From that vantage-point the visitor looks down upon the main axis of the city's artistic development, past the Grant Memorial, across the restful, green Mall, to the sky-piercing shaft erected to the memory of Washington, and

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THE CAPITOL ON A RAINY NIGHT

Modern invention has contributed to esthetic beauty in a way that the Capitol's builders little dreamed. Flood lights playing from the roofs of the wings and from the grounds cast a diffused radiance about the dome which never seems more majestic than when it stands out against a dark sky. The light in the circular balcony aloft betokens a night session of Congress. (See Bulletin No. 2.)

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Mining Silver for "Movie Fans"

"NEW PAINT gleams on many shacks in Virginia City."

This modest newspaper local out of the Nevada mountains means little to most Americans, but in western mining country, where there's paint, there's hope. Amid debris of exhausted mines on a gaunt shoulder of Mount Davidson, once the most prodigal silver-producing center the world has known, a gray monument of miners' hope has been recently completed, a stern business-like building. Within rumbles machinery of a modern silver cyanide reduction plant. Into its huge maw go 2,000 tons of ore a day, an amount greater than that taken from the entire Comstock vein under Virginia City in bonanza days of 1863 when fifty mills were grinding.

Old men nod their heads, poke thumbs in vests, and toss off an "I told you so." Prodigal scarcely describes the virgin lode of former days; that single unbelievably rich vein produced $500,000,000 worth of silver.

Movie Emotions Dug in Nevada Mountains

Some think this new monument to hope in Virginia City was erected by a silver company. True, the company built it, but that new plant has actually been subscribed for with the dimes and quarters the American people have paid to see the movies. Flickers that millions see on picture screens, side-splitting antics, harrowing sobs of heroines; dark tragedy, and all the happy-ever-afters do not come out of Hollywood originally; they are dug out of Nevada mountains. Mined silver becomes silver nitrate, which catches the fleeting image on a film. One company alone uses three tons of silver bullion a week to produce 16,000,000 feet of motion-picture film.

Samuel Clemens, an idle penniless miner, joyfully accepted a reporter's job on the old Virginia City "Enterprise" at $25 a week. That was in the early sixties. A few months later the Comstock rush was on. Samuel Clemens, with so much money in his pockets he did not stoop to collect his salary, "covered" the silver rush for "The Enterprise." Years later, under the name of Mark Twain, he wrote his news scoop for posterity in the imperishable pages of "Roughing It."

Salted Mine Discovered Near the Comstock

Rich as the Comstock vein was, it could not measure up to an adjacent pit that produced silver nuggets with the guarantee of the United States stamped on them. Black nuggets from this vein were the wonder of Virginia City. Its stock went sky high. But on one of the lumps of "native silver" was discovered the minted legend, "ted States of," and then it was plainly apparent that the mine had been "salted" with melted half dollars. Stock fell!

Mark Twain vividly describes the Comstock mine that was: "Virginia was a busy city of streets and houses above ground. Under it was another busy city, down in the bowels of the earth, where a great population of men thronged in and out among an intricate maze of tunnels and drifts, flitting hither and thither under a winking sparkle of lights, and over their heads towered a vast web of interlocking timbers that held the walls of the gutted Comstock apart.

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thence to the imposing Lincoln Memorial, with the Amphitheater-crowned heights of Arlington in the background, and instinctively knows that here urban beauty and civic dignity approach their highest expression.

"It is an awesome thought to walk through the Rotunda knowing that nearly 9,000,000 pounds of metal are hanging over one's head. There is no need for alarm. Only a terrific earthquake or the rust of ages can assail the fixity of this airily woven iron fabric. The Capitol's superintendent guards against the latter incursion by mixing 4,300 pounds of paint and employing thirty-five men for about three months when the dome needs a new coat.

The Empty Tomb Below the Dome

"The bronze figure which surmounts the dome alone weighs 15,000 pounds and is 3½ times as tall as an average man. It has been compared to an Indian, and miscalled the 'Goddess of Liberty'; it is a statue of Freedom, typifying armed liberty by its helmet and breastplate. This representation seemed appropriate when it was put in place in 1863.

"Under the Rotunda is a chamber, now bare, circled by severe Doric columns, and beneath the center—an empty tomb.

"Congress requested that Washington's remains be removed from Mount Vernon to this sepulcher, which was to have been a national shrine, where all would pause in reverence as they passed. The owners of Mount Vernon, mindful of Washington's wish to be buried on his estate, would not permit the removal of his body; and future generations are grateful that they acted as they did.

"The resting place he chose in life, on the green rounded knoll overlooking his well-loved Potomac, seems now a fitter resting place than this rather cramped crypt.

"The nation ever will be grateful, also, to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association for buying Washington's home, saving it from further dilapidation, restoring it, and maintining it for the American people."

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Christiania: A Scandinavian Luxor

A PROPOSAL to change the name of Norway's capital from Christiania to Oslo directs attention to one of the most modern of European cities, which, however, is a sort of Scandinavian Luxor.

Christiania is business-like, clean and new. The antiquary might pass it by, after a casual inspection, were he not to visit its Historical Museum. There two Viking ships carry him back to the ninth century.

Ship Was Burial Place of Viking

The Vikings, like the Egyptians, had a habit of interring a man's property with his bones. The men of the North usually chose a ship as their burial place, and around the body they would place numerous arms, ornaments and utensils. Nearby, domestic animals sometimes were interred.

When one notes on a map that Christiania is in the latitude of Hudson Bay and Kamchatka he is apt to jump to a wrong notion of the city's climate. By summer the weather is balmy. A sail for 60 miles up the island-studded Christiania Fiord is a fitting entry into the city which nestles in an amphitheater of green hills dotted with beautiful suburbs and country estates.

The deep blues of hills and islands, the warm colors of the houses, and the fruits and flowers of the market places conspire to create an illusion that one is in the Sunny South.

Winter Sports Are Dear to Norwegians

In the winter the surrounding hills afford infinite opportunity for skiing and tobogganning, sports which are dear to the Norwegian heart.

The Norwegian respect for art, music and literature is akin to that of our own New England; and, in winter, the National Theater's opera season is a community, rather than a social, enterprise. An event which appeals especially to the travelers who arrive in late summer is the August season of Ibsen and Bjornson plays.

The man who said that the sewing machine has done more to break down national distinctiveness than any other invention would find proof of his assertion on Christiania streets. The cut of clothes is that of other cosmopolitan European capitals. A vehicle survives, however, which is Norway's own. That is the cariole, a single-passenger affair mounted on two wheels with extremely long and flexible shafts.

Oslo Now Is a Suburb

The proposed name, Oslo, is not new. Oslo was the ancient city which stood on one bank of the Akers River, which now flows through Christiania. In Oslo James VI of Scotland married Anne of Denmark. There the famous giant monopoly, the Hansa League, had a factory. A fire swept the old city in 1624, nearly four centuries after it had been founded. King Christian rebuilt it on the opposite bank of the river and it then acquired its present name. A suburb still bears the name of Oslo; thus the change is comparable to New York's taking the name of Yonkers, or our own capital deciding to name itself Georgetown.

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These timbers were as large as a man's body, and the framework stretched upward so far that no eye could pierce to its top through the closing gloom. It was like peering up through the clean-picked ribs and bones of some colossal skeleton. Imagine such a framework two miles long, sixty feet wide, and higher than any church spire in America. Imagine this stately lattice-work stretching down Broadway, from the St. Nicholas to Wall Street, and a Fourth-of-July procession, reduced to pygmies, parading on top of it and flaunting their flags, high above the pinnacle of Trinity steeple."

Uncle Sam and Rochester Biggest Users

Silver mining left Virginia City for new fields—Tonapah, Nevada, Montana, and other centers, but for years old men living on memories used to sit in the San Francisco stock exchange waiting for a new strike on the Comstock. They could not forget the days when every man of 15,000 adventurers was a son of legendary Midas. There is still silver in Mount Davidson, but it was not until many old claims were consolidated, that the new plant could be put up to make extraction on a large scale pay. Except for the United States Government, the photographic industries are the greatest users of silver today. Uncle Sam uses it for coins and Rochester, New York, industries use it for movie films and food for the amateur's camera. The United States produces one-third of the world's silver; Mexico competes with the United States for leadership and Canada follows third.

Silver is a good soldier. The Comstock rush was at its height in 1863 when the United States was torn by civil war. It is said that millions, poured in from the Comstock lode, brought needed aid to the Union in a dark hour.

How Silver Fought for the Allies

Silver fought another good fight in the World War. In 1918 the Allied armies were battling desperately. Every available man was on the fighting line. One of the things the Allies needed was jute; gunny sacking is another name for jute. There is only one place in the world to get jute—India. Patiently the British Government had taught the natives that silver certificates were as good as silver, but by 1918 the British Government, by jute purchases, had withdrawn nearly all the silver used to back these certificates. Germany learned this and began propaganda in India. A run on Indian banks would have destroyed the confidence of the natives in Britain and thrown India into revolt.

Silver must be found somewhere to save India, and possibly to save the Allies. Supplies of mined silver had been exhausted. There was only one big source of silver, the vaults of the United States treasury. Here great piles of silver dollars backed our silver certificates. Britain asked for that silver. The United States sold it gladly. More than $400,000,000 worth of silver dollars were melted and sent to India, later to be replaced in the vaults by new purchases through the Pittman silver act. That's how silver helped win the war.

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Imbros and Tenedos: Sentinels of Hellespont

IMBROS and Tenedos, the two islands that Greece, acting on the decision of the Great Powers, has recently restored to Turkey, might be called the gate posts of the Hellespont.

Imbros, the larger, is about eleven miles off the mouth of the strait, to the northwest, and Tenedos is about the same distance south of the entrance.

As a matter of territory the two islands do not amount to a great deal. The greatest length of Imbros is 17 miles and its greatest width, 9 miles. Little Tenedos is scarcely three miles long and two broad. But lying at the entrance to one of the most important sea channels in the world, their strategic value is great.

A Little Alsace-Lorraine in the Aegean

Greece gives them up reluctantly because they constitute a sort of little Hellenic Alsace-Lorraine. There was great rejoicing when they with the other Aegean Islands, came once more under Greek control as a result of the World War, after centuries of Turkish ownership. A partial compensation for the return of Imbros and Tenedos to the Turks is that for the present at least all the rest of the Aegean Islands, many of them much larger and intrinsically more valuable, remain Greek territory.

The two sentinel islands of the Hellespont figured in Greek history from hundreds of years before Christ. Pericles planted one of his queer garrison-like colonies or "cleruchies" in Imbros. Tenedos was one of the most loyal members of the Delian League; the last recorded event in the history of that pre-Christian League of Nations, was a gift of money in 340 B. C. from Tenedos to Athens.

Imbros with its olive groves and fig orchards and its fields of grain, has some value agriculturally. Little Tenedos, aside from its strategic importance, must point to a rich and somewhat romantic past. It was to this little island—if we may believe Homer—that the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to raise the siege of Troy, leaving the fatal and famous gift horse.

Along Route to Golden Fleece

Jason—if again we may believe the ancient lore—skirted the little isles as he passed in quest of the golden fleece; and great naval events have taken place in their waters ever since.

When the Allies in 1915 decided on the ill-fated project of attempting to force the Dardanelles, their first step was to seize Tenedos, then in Turkish hands, and to make it the headquarters for their land forces. Lemnos, only a few miles away, became the naval base. Later Imbros was made a second base for military contingents; and from these two isles the brave Anzacs and their allies went on landing-vessels to the impossible task of seizing the heavily fortified Gallipoli Peninsula. From the highlands of Tenedos, where the ancient Greeks may have watched the Trojans accept their wooden steed, Allied observers watched the "Queen Elizabeth" and her associate super-dreadnaughts open their mighty fire on the Dardanelles forts and saw Chanak burn.

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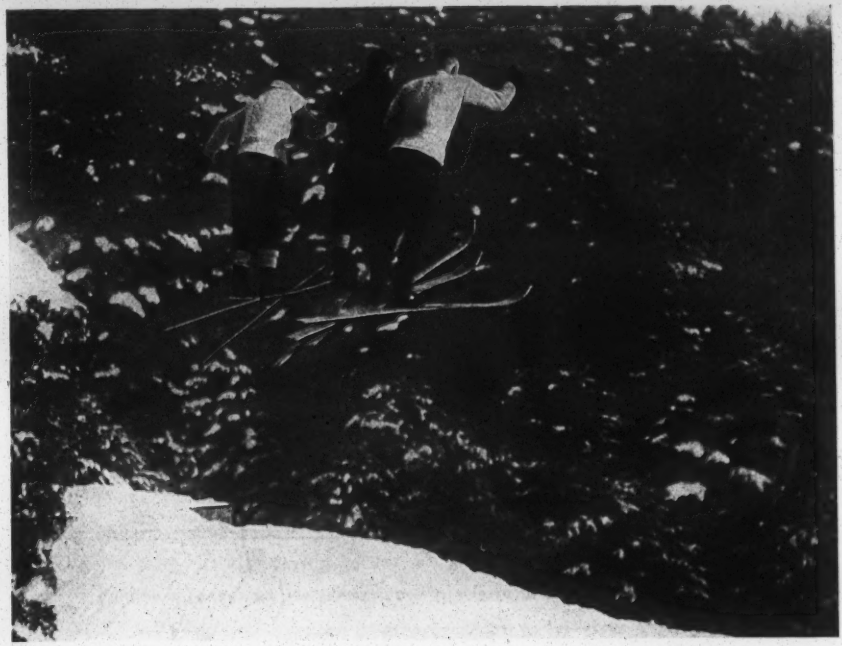
The population of Christiania is nearly 300,000, which is about a tenth of the population of Norway—a fact which has worried Norwegian economists. Recent developments of water-power, which is Nature's supreme gift to Norway, have gone far to decentralize the country's industrial activity.

One of the pleasing impressions left upon the visitor by a visit to Christiania is the excellent taste and great courtesy of the people. The former is exemplified by their personal adornment, especially by their jewelry. Norwegian enamel, of lustrous blue, mauve and pink tints, is famous. The second trait is shown by the custom which requires men to remove their hats, even when they enter a shop. Food is esteemed highly, especially in the bleak winter months and while the custom of eating six meals a day, which has been attributed to Norwegian farmers, does not prevail in Christiania, a supplemental meal in the evening makes for a gay cafe life along the Eidsvolds-plads.

Bulletin No. 4, January 14, 1924.



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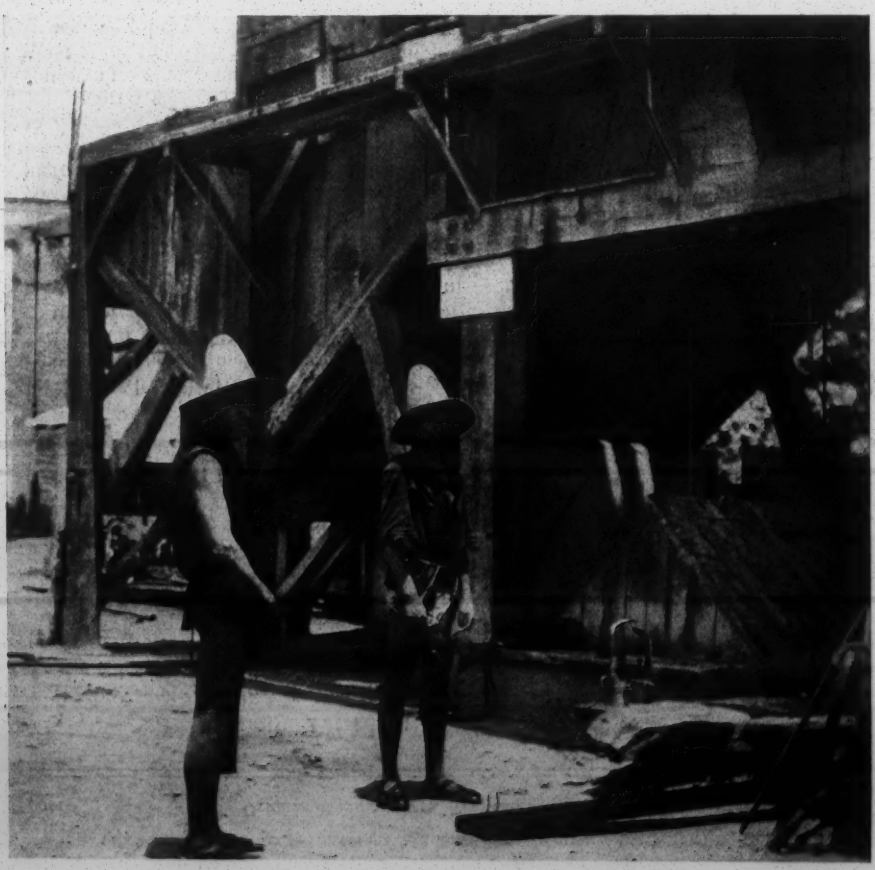
OVER THE TREE TOPS AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR

Many sons of Norway have become ski-stars in America. Skiing is one of the most popular sports of the descendants of the Vikings. (See Bulletin No. 4.)

The last interesting event of the war which Tenedos witnessed was the quixotic and fatal sortie of the German cruisers *Goben* and *Breslau* which had been cooped up in the Straits since early August, 1914. They dashed out of the Dardanelles January 20, 1918, and sank some small boats, but almost immediately struck mines. The *Breslau* sank near Tenedos and the *Goben* barely managed to turn around and limp back to beach herself in the Straits.

Bulletin No. 5, January 14, 1924.



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THE SHAFT OF A MEXICAN SILVER MINE

Every laborer is searched before leaving the patio of the mines. The peon laborer in the mines has always received as wages only about the equivalent of "victuals and clothes"; and frijoles, tortillas, sombreros, shirts, trousers, and sandals, with a little mescal to wash down the food, represent about the sum total of food and [illegible]ent that the peon knows. (See Bulletin No. 3.)